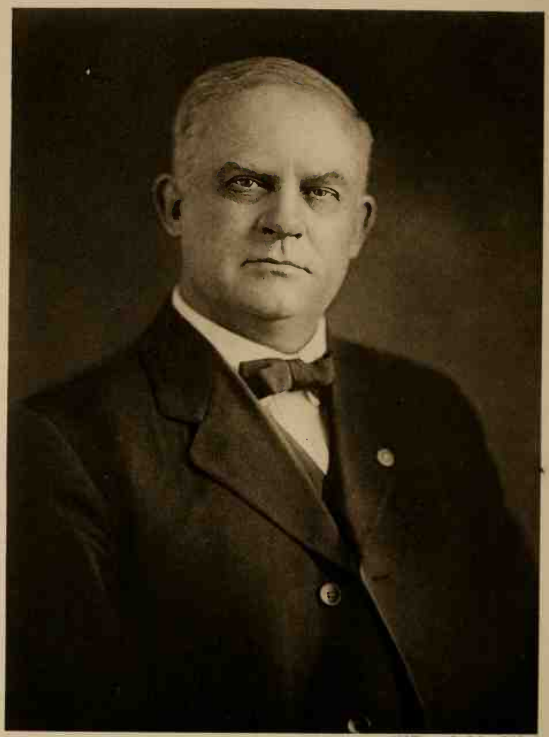
Edward C. Little

Late a Representative from Kansas

Memorial Addresses Delivered in Congress



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DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES [illegible] EDWARD C. LITTLE

Sixty-Eighth Congress

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1925

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Memorial Addresses

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES IN MEMORY OF

EDWARD C. LITTLE

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KANSAS

Sixty-Eighth Congress

FEBRUARY 1, 1925

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON
1925

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING

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Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Edward C. Little

Proceedings in the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *December 1, 1924.*

This being the day fixed by the Constitution for the annual meeting of the Congress of the United States, the House of Representatives of the Sixty-eighth Congress met in its Hall at 12 o'clock noon for its second session and was called to order by the Speaker, Hon Frederick H. Gillett, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, Thy mercy is from everlasting to everlasting and Thy goodness endureth from generation to generation. We wait upon Thee at the threshold of this Congress. We offer Thee the expressions of our grateful hearts for Thy providential care, for the fruitage of field and orchard, and for the peace and prosperity of our land. Bless and be gracious and merciful unto our President and his household; the Speaker, the Members, the officers, and the pages, and all whom serve. O Lord, our Lord, these days, so momentous, do Thou make us strong by the sense of Thy strength, wise by the sense of Thy wisdom and good by the sense of Thy goodness. In the solution of all problems O let the inspiration of Thy truth never fail us. Suffer not our hearts to languish, nor our souls to fear, but undismayed may we always seek to do our whole duty to our country and to the institutions which were founded to perpetuate our national greatness. Come heavenly Father

of us all, and manifest Thy favor in the form of enlightened understanding and thus shall great contentment, equal justice, and deeper righteousness bless every section and comfort every fireside. Day by day with sweet, obedient, and unmurmuring toil may we do our whole duty.

We breathe to Thee, O God, "Thy will be done." There are those of us who have passed beyond the veil that hides mortality from immortality. Some dear ones are looking out upon the world to-day with saddened hearts and wondering eyes. Come blessed Lord unto them and give them great peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. ANTHONY. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce the death of my late colleague, Mr. EDWARD C. LITTLE, on June 27 last. At a later date I shall ask that a day be set aside for appropriate memorial services upon his life, character, and public services. Meanwhile I offer the following resolution, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 359) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. LONGWORTH. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, December 2, 1924, at 12 o'clock noon.

SATURDAY, *December 6, 1924.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Craven, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

WEDNESDAY, *January 14, 1925.*

Mr. GUYER. Mr. Speaker, I wish to ask unanimous consent that Sunday, February 1, be set aside for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. EDWARD C. LITTLE, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Kansas asks unanimous consent that on Sunday, February 1, there may be addresses on the life, character, and public services of the late Representative LITTLE. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

SUNDAY, *February 1, 1925.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon and was called to order by Mr. Tincher, Speaker pro tempore.

The Rev. William B. Waller, of Washington, D. C., offered the following prayer:

O Thou in whom we live and move and have our being, we draw nigh to Thee reverently.

We thank Thee for the blessings of Thy providence and of Thy grace; for life with its opportunities for service and joy; for the measure of health and strength whereby we are permitted to appear before Thee this morning.

Command Thy blessing upon us we humbly beseech Thee. Comfort those who mourn. Enable each one of us to say: "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

Bless our President and all with him in authority. Grant Thy blessing upon this Congress in its widely reaching influence.

Enable us all so to live in this life that in the world to come we may have life everlasting, through Jesus Christ, our Advocate and Redeemer. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the order for the day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Guyer, by unanimous consent—

Ordered, That Sunday, February 1, 1925, be set apart for memorial addresses on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. EDWARD C. LITTLE, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Mr. HOCH. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 423) as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. EDWARD C. LITTLE, late a Member of this House from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of the day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Address by Representative Madden

Of Illinois

Mr. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE: It was my privilege to know EDWARD C. LITTLE both as a diplomat, as a soldier, and as a statesman, for he was all three. He represented his Government in the Diplomatic Service with much distinction, and in the Spanish-American War no man displayed more valor or bravery than he. He and Fred Funston were the representatives of Kansas in the Philippines, one as colonel and the other as lieutenant colonel, of a great regiment, which gave more distinction to the American arms than any other organization in the Spanish-American War. Funston afterwards became a major general in the Army and LITTLE became a Member of this House. They were really representative men of their Nation and of their State. I presume that Kansas attained more distinction as the result of the services of these two men than any other two men of their time, and it had great men in many other places, in the legislative halls, in the executive branch of the Government, and in the Diplomatic Service.

EDWARD C. LITTLE came here after his diplomatic service and after his services as a soldier. He had the spirit of a soldier when he entered this House. He was restless, he wanted to forge ahead, he was not satisfied to wait until experience gave him the

right of forward movement. He had been leading the charge in war and he wanted to lead the charge in peace. He soon impressed himself on the membership of the House as a strong character. He loved his State, he was devoted to his people, he loved his country, and there was no service too hard for him, no work too arduous, no day too long, to do the work of the office to which he had been called. He was devoted to the advancement of the country's interest. He had no object in life except to serve his country. I would not call him a diplomat in his services here, but there was no more earnest man who served his country anywhere than EDWARD C. LITTLE.

He was interested in everything that made for the advancement of the Nation. He had ideas, he had opinions, and the courage to express them. They frequently dropped on fertile soil and often resulted in the framing of legislation that was advantageous to the country. And so, no matter whether he was diplomatic or otherwise in the relationship with his associates, his sole object in the service was the advancement of his country. It does not matter whether you agree with one's opinions; in the services here you soon learn whether he is earnest, whether he is honest in the opinions he has to express, and as you learn to trust the integrity and depend on the honesty of the Member you begin to respect the opinions he may express, regardless of whether you believe in them or not.

So it was with EDWARD C. LITTLE. He impressed his personality on the membership of this House.

It was he who in the discharge of his duties persuaded the House to carry the improvements of the Missouri River into the confines of Kansas, when they had no intention of going that far. He was able to persuade as well as to instruct. He had an integrity all his own. He stood foursquare to the world, he stood foursquare to every wind that blew, he never trimmed his sails to meet the passing breeze, he was an American in every particular to which that term can be applied. He used his Americanism for the advancement of the interests of America and for the betterment of the American people. He had no other client except the Nation. Whether you agreed with him or not you would have to agree that his purpose was right, and that, although his opinions might not conform in many cases to the mass of opinions of the House, he nevertheless expressed those opinions and impressed everybody in the House with his sincerity and his honesty in the formulation and expression of those opinions. That kind of membership in the House is more valuable than one may suppose; it is far better to have a man in the House who does not agree with everybody—who everybody does not agree with—than to have a Member who is complacent and willing to cooperate, no matter whether the things in which cooperation is desired is correct or not. The character of his membership led frequently to compromising on problems that confronted the House, whereas there would have been no compromise if some man like Mr. LITTLE was not here to object to the complacency which might have affected the

result. So I say that the critic with the courage that Mr. LITTLE had is invaluable in this body.

He calls the attention of the country to the need for scrutiny of the subject that may be pending before us, and makes every Member of the House a little more inclined to study the problem with greater care in order that results which may be beneficial to the Nation as a whole may be the outcome of the consideration of the problem.

He left a record behind him of which we are all proud, of which his district, his State has a right to be proud, and of which the Nation might well too be proud. We do not come here to mourn his death. Death is just as natural as life. We come and pass through the scene of action, whatever it may be, and pass on, and if, by any chance, we have been fortunate to leave behind us some thought that some one else, with benefit to the Nation, may take up and carry forward, then we have been successful in the life to which we have been called. If by any chance we have done that which calls the attention of the coming generations to the worthiness of our action, we have not lived in vain. If those who follow us can with benefit to the country emulate our example, we have lived a life worth living, and when we pass on, although we may be forgotten soon by those who are in active service and have other things to think of than us, still the work that we did, the views we expressed, and the acts that we performed, if they were worthy, will leave an impress upon the Nation such as will enable it to move forward, to become better, to make friends dearer, homes

brighter than they ever had been before. If we can have enough men of this class, and Mr. LITTLE was one of that class, in the active service of the Government, dealing only with the problems that are best from their standpoint for the people, we will have a Nation that will live and lead in the advancement of humanity.

I am one of those who believe that we are to meet again. I do not think that we have passed away from contact with Mr. LITTLE. I believe there is another life in which we will appear, and that we will have contact with those who have gone before, where none of the struggles and strifes and trials and tribulations which confront us here will disturb the happiness which we are to enjoy in the life of the great future.

EDWARD C. LITTLE was my friend; I was his; I admired his courage and fidelity, his ability, his integrity, his patriotism; I revere his memory. I congratulate the country on the record of his achievements. He has gone to his reward. He is at rest from his labors; may he rest in the peace to which his life record entitles him.

Mr. GUYER. Mr. Speaker, at a meeting of the Wyandotte Bar Association, of which Colonel LITTLE was a distinguished and honored member, a memorial meeting was held and certain eulogies were pronounced and at the funeral of Colonel LITTLE at the Scottish Rite Temple on the 30th of June, Col. A. M. Harvey, a brother soldier of his, delivered a eulogy. I ask unanimous consent that these eulogies may be printed in the Record and

made a part of the volume which will contain the addresses delivered in honor of his life and public services.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Kansas asks unanimous consent that the eulogies to which he has referred be made a part of the Record and published with the addresses delivered to-day. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Address by Representative Guyer

Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE: My predecessor, Col. EDWARD C. LITTLE, was born three years prior to the beginning of the Civil War. His lifetime embraced all the great and stirring crises of the past three-quarters of a century.

Drawn by the magnet of the western sea, his parents joined that endless caravan that swept toward the frontier just at the close of the Civil War. That colossal conflict had set in motion energies we did not suspect we possessed, and created giants in both armies that have challenged the admiration of all the world. Those mighty energies that filtered out of the wreck and stress of that war, like electricity generated by some huge dynamo, had to be diverted into some adequate and engrossing channel to absorb the shock of the restless and reckless spirits born of that tumult of elemental passions.

Fortunately, at that time we had the richest and greatest frontier on earth, and the brawny arms that contended in that mighty struggle were bared to the shoulder to fling back the frontier toward the western sunset. At that time blue grass, the symbol and signal of civilization, had then only timidly invaded the valleys of the Kaw and Marais des Cygnes. The embers of Lawrence were hardly cold, and its hatred still glowed with white-hot

rage, when EDWARD C. LITTLE, then a lad of seven summers, came to live in the district which he afterwards represented with signal distinction for nearly a decade.

The soil of that historic district was stained with the first blood that was sacrificed in the great conflict, when the scenes of that struggle were shifted from the forensic battles in these halls to the plains and primeval forests of virgin Kansas. As far as Kansas and that district were concerned, the issues of the war were decided before the thunders of Sumter had awakened the smoldering fires of 1861. The question of nationality was settled there long before the guns of Gettysburg had justified the faith of Washington and Hamilton, and of Webster and John Marshall, in the indissoluble integrity of the Federal Union. The names of Lawrence, Lecompton, and Osawatomie were on the lips of the Nation when Shiloh and Chickamauga slumbered in the repose of obscurity.

The father of EDWARD C. LITTLE, himself a Union soldier, settled on the very soil made historic in that brutal border warfare, at the juncture and blending of the Oregon and the old Santa Fe trails—the two most historic and romantic trails that ever mapped the frontiers of the earth. And thus it was that Colonel LITTLE, then a child, saw the pageantry of the plains. With his childish eyes he beheld that winding, white-crowned caravan, under the protection of whose panoply the embryo of an empire was borne out upon the great plains.

With his boyish feet he walked upon that dusky path over which Anglo-Saxon genius staggered out onto the great American desert to build an unshackled civilization. Here in the twilight he saw the blue camp-fire smoke rise like the sky in solution, and heard the pæan of the prairies—the hymn of the plains:

> To the West! To the West! To the land of the free,
> Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
> Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil,
> And the humble may gather the fruit of the soil.

At that time Kansas City was a guard at the gates of the wilderness, a sentinel on the fringe of the desert. Wichita had not yet surprised the desert, nor Dodge invaded the wilderness. The great wheat fields of the Kansas of to-day were the habitat of countless buffalo and the hunting ground of the savage. While eastern Kansas wore the aspect of organized society, just over the horizon to the west was the virgin prairie sea.

To that frontier, beside the Kaw, came James Butler Hickock, better known in the unwritten epic of the prairies as "Wild Bill." He settled near the Little homestead. He was a Scotchman whose ancestors came to Vermont a century and a half ago and fought by the side of Ethan Allen. He had been a Union scout in the Civil War; and so soon after Appomattox there was not that cordial relation between those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray which exists to-day between the gentleman from Ohio, General Sherwood, and the gentleman from North Carolina, Major Stedman.

His Missouri neighbors burned his habitation twice, when he decided that farming was not a congenial occupation. So, finally, in after years, he settled down to the gentle art of keeping the peace when Wichita, Abilene, Hays, and Dodge City were engaged in a contest to decide which was the toughest town on earth—each in its turn deserved the title.

Colonel LITTLE wrote a number of historical sketches concerning frontier life on the border in Kansas. One of these sketches, written about 20 years ago, was entitled "A Son of the Border." It is a spirited recital of that great frontiersman's career, and illustrates the skill of Colonel LITTLE as an author. Permit me to quote the closing paragraph:

Homer sang Achilles into thirty centuries of renown. The deeds of many frontiersmen excel the Greek's. David did his own singing and came out with a great reputation. Yet I doubt not that the McKandlas gang would have made Goliath look like an amateur. Ivanhoe in his iron kettle with his long lance killing the neighbors for love of God and lady never surpassed the courage and sacrifice of Wild Bill and his comrades. But the dime novelist has been their biographer and cheap notoriety their reward. They deserve a statelier history and a sweeter requiem. With all their faults they were brave and gallant gentlemen and made it possible for quiet men to bring decent women and establish American homes on the plains and in the mountains. Wild Bill's adventures should have come to the knowledge of that fine old Scotchman who delighted in the blare of bugles, the clash of arms, and the tale of chivalry. Walter Scott would have made this great scout and peace officer a hero of romance and a prince of the border.

This demonstrates that Colonel LITTLE was really a gifted writer, and had he confined his efforts to literature he would no doubt have achieved a high place in the literary world. He was a traveler of note. His activities took him to the ends of the earth—as consul general to Cairo, Egypt, in 1892; to the Philippine Islands in the Spanish-American War; and over the American Continent in later life. Had he reduced to writing his varied experiences and published his literary endeavors, I have no doubt that he would have immortalized his name in the world of letters. And what lives longer than a book? A Kansas bard, "Ironquill," expressed that thought better than anyone else:

With granite once a genius bridged a stream;
A builder once a rugged temple wrought;
On canvas once a painter fixed a thought;
A sculptor once in marble carved a dream;
A queen once built a tomb, and in the scheme
Of gold and bronze the quivering sunbeams caught;
Then came oblivion, unseen, unsought,
Contemptuous of thinker and of theme.

And some one wrote a book. Palace and hall
Are gone. Marble and bronze are dust. The fanes
Are fallen which the sungold sought. The rook,
At morn, caws garrulously over all.
All! All are gone. The book alone remains.
Man builds no structure which outlives a book.

Colonel LITTLE's literary efforts were not confined to prose, for in his earlier life he wrote much superior verse. At the University of Kansas he was a leader in Greek-letter circles, being a

member of one of the Greek-letter fraternities, and one of his poems of college days celebrates the fraternal ties of those college orders.

THE GREEKS

O college days that speed on wings so strong;
O college joys that last not long, not long;
O college friends from whom we soon shall sever;
O college friendships made for aye and ever;
O dreams of youth so sweet, so frail, so fleeting,
'Neath touch of time and care so swift retreating—

To you the goblets clink,
Greek pledged to Greek we drink;
Eternal be the link
That binds our hearts in one.
Long mystic flames shall dance
'Neath warm fraternal glance,
Till life's last set of sun.

From where the sunshine glistens
On mantle fair of snow,
To where old Ætna listens
To sullen depths below;
From where the morn's fair fingers
Throw ope the gates of day,
To where the daylight lingers
No more on crested spray;
O'er man and stream and hillside,
O'er all the shadows fall:
But the sunlight softly lingers
Round the dear old chapter hall.

Aside our foes we fling,
Greek pledged to Greek we sing,
Till wall and rafter ring,
"Nor time nor space shall sever."
The sparkling wine we quaff,
At fate and hate we laugh,
God bless the Greeks forever!

Traveling in old Mexico he found an old temple in ruins over whose moss-covered portal was written,

Haec est Domus Dei
Et Porta Coeli.

From this suggestion he wrote a most beautiful poem, entitled "Domus et Porta," which I will here quote:

With moss and ivy grown,
It marks the sacred stone,
  Let it stand.
It was carved by men of old,
Who have long been still and cold,
  'Neath Mexic sand.

For, you see, it's my belief
That the Domus is a reef
  In the sea;
That the Porta is a dream,
Like the lights I thought did gleam
  Through to me.

I long had hope and faith,
Yet my hope was just a wraith—
  For the hour;
And my prayers have gone to seed,
As a withered, ragged weed
  Without flower.

Yet still I feel the need
Of Domus, port and creed,
  And a friend;
For I've neither fear nor hope,
While I sadly, blindly grope
  Towards the end.

When sinners throng the aisle,
I see them read and smile
At the shrine.
But each carries in his heart,
In a secret place, apart,
That old line:

"This is the house of God,
This, where sinners' feet have trod
O'er the floor,
And praise Him, 'tis Heaven's Gate,
Oh, weak one, be not too late,
At the door."

Though I do not enter in,
I dislike the scoffer's grin
At the scroll.
For perhaps the priest was right,
With his home and gate, so trite,
For a goal.

Nor you nor I should sneer
At what is written here
In ancient bookish tongue.
Who knows, not I nor you,
If perchance the tale be true
That priest and martyr sung?

What is graven on the stone,
Let us leave it, lads, alone
With its dead.
It, on souls that toil and grieve,
If they only can believe,
Hope doth shed.

Once there came a learned priest,
Holy man from Spanish east—
With all uncovered head
Bore the cross of Christ as far
Through the smoke and flame of war,
As Cortez dared to tread.

Laughed at famine, laughed in scorn,
At the fears from danger born,
His garments gray
Led the boldest in the fight—
To armed soldier, plumed knight
Showed the way.

He might have broken lances under beauty's witching glances,
Where, on an army's banners, the laughing sunshine dances,
O'er the plain.
He might have been the counselor of Castile's proudest king,
Or won the cloak of cardinal where ten thousand anthems ring,
In distant Spain.

But he chose the sacred service
Of the Child of Nazareth,
Risked for Him his manhood's prime,
Poverty and death.
Here he built the great cathedral,
This his tomb:
His princely soul was crowned here—
Beyond the gate there's room.

Here he rests, his task is done,
Here he lies, his peace is won;
Let him rest.
Who knows but 'tis of God's own,
And he's close beside the throne,
A welcome guest?

Then bow low your Saxon head,
Softly speak and lightly tread,
'Neath words so grand.
To carve the line that stands above,
He gave up life and fame and love.
He believed it—let it stand.

Haec est Domus Dei:
This is the House of God;
Et Porta Coeli:
This the gate His martyrs trod.

I am sure that all will agree that this poem displays no ordinary poetic gift. I regret that time does not permit me to speak of his gift of oratory, but Members of the House are familiar with that. Few men have had such a wide diversity of talent, and few have excelled in such varied lines. He was diplomat, poet, orator, soldier, lawyer, and statesman—preeminent in all. He drained life's brimming cup to its dregs in living his great and purposeful career, and is now gone to join that vast majority where the question of quorum is never raised.

Colonel LITTLE had his faults, "even as you and I," but his friends wrote them on the shifting, inconstant sands, where the forgiveness of wind and wave has washed them all away. He always retained something of the brutal frankness of the frontier, something of the brusqueness of the old border, softened only slightly by university training and masked but thinly by a highly cultivated mind. This abruptness of manner often withheld from him the credit that was due. Here in Congress he raveled out his life like a prodigal spendthrift in the service of his country, which a none too grateful Republic may never properly appreciate.

No eulogy of Colonel LITTLE would be complete without a parenthesis including the heroic devotion of Edna Steele Little, the partner of all his

triumphs, the comrade of his struggles, and the colleague of his labors. He has left to her and their son the priceless heritage of a good name and the record of a life full of devotion to his country, his family, and his friends.

What a pitiable little span is human life! When viewed from its troubled surface, what a strange and pathetic tragedy! Yesterday, the warm, sweet current of life; to-day, still in the chill of death. Yesterday, the thrill of preeminence and superiority; to-day, the democratic equality of the dust. For death, like love, "levels all rank." There is no caste in the dominion of the sepulcher. Death is the universal decree. The earth itself is but one vast mausoleum. We touch it not without desecrating a myriad sepulchers. The very rocks that wall us in are but the archives of life that throbbed in long-forgotten ages. All that lives must die.

> The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
> The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
> The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
> Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

But it is said that there is no life without death and that in nature death is the prophecy of life.

> Plato, thou reasonest well!
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?

Bryant says of the migratory bird:

> There is a Power whose care
> Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
> The desert and illimitable air—
> Lone wandering, but not lost.

* * * *

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

The bird that sunward guides its flight does not know that eternal summer smiles beneath the tropic sun, but when the bird arrives there the summer is. The instinct with which we cling to life and which inheres in us is like the cosmic urge of the bird, and nature does not deceive her children.

I know of no better manner of closing this faltering eulogy of your friend and mine than by quoting a little poem by the great dramatic critic, the late William Winter. Several years ago Mr. Winter was very ill and close to the gates of death. After his recovery he wrote this little poem, and in my humble opinion no sweeter honey of its kind has dripped from the hive of genius since Tennyson wrote The Crossing of the Bar. In the calm philosophy of Him who walked by the tideless sea, I can well imagine Colonel LITTLE facing death echoing the thought of William Winter as expressed in this little poem:

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Shall soar away!

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous death shall show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

One motion—and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then onward, whatsoe'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor sin nor sorrow, love nor hate
Can touch me there.

And, finally, if I were to mark his last resting place out there beneath the sod of the prairies he loved so well, I would mark it as another great Kansan's grave is marked—with a granite bowlder inscribed with a classic from his own pen.

Upon that rugged bowlder I would let Colonel LITTLE write his own epitaph, a stanza from his poem which I have just quoted:

Here he rests, his task is done,
Here he lies, his peace is won;
Let him rest.
Who knows but 'tis of God's own,
And he's close beside the throne,
A welcome guest?

Mr. Speaker, pursuant to the leave granted, I append herewith the eulogies to which I referred.

MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR COL. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, HELD SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1924, BY THE WYANDOTTE COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION, PRESIDENT ULYSSES S. GUYER PRESIDING

Mr. GUYER. We meet this morning, gentlemen, to honor the life and memory of one who was not only a distinguished member of this bar but also a Member of the House of Representatives from the second district of Kansas.

At the last meeting of the bar association a resolution was adopted, at the president's suggestion, that in the future when memorial services were observed for a member of the bar that a stenographer be employed to take the eulogies delivered, in order that they might be preserved as a part of the records of the bar association, and more particularly that they might be presented to the family of the deceased member for preservation. This will for the first time be done this morning.

Pursuant to the call of this meeting, I appointed a committee on resolutions, consisting of Judge Edward L. Fischer, Judge Frank D. Hutchings, and Hon. J. O. Emerson, and if they have their report ready we will listen to it. Judge Fischer is the chairman.

Judge E. L. FISCHER. Mr. President——

The PRESIDENT. Judge Fischer.

Judge E. L. FISCHER. And members of the association and the bar, we, the committee appointed by the president of the Wyandotte County Bar Association to prepare resolutions of condolence on the death of Col. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, beg leave to submit the following report:

EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE graduated from the high school in Abilene, Kans., and entered the University of Kansas about the year 1879, graduating therefrom in 1883 with the degree of bachelor of arts. As a student he was way above the average; painstaking and accurate, he approached any task that might be assigned him with a determination to master it. He was not satisfied with

being able to go into class and make a good recitation, but he wanted to know the why and wherefore and be able to intelligently interpret or explain the points involved. His professors always gave what he had to say the most respectful consideration, and his fellow students admitted and admired his ability. He took great interest in all athletic sports, was captain of the college baseball nine, and in his freshman year won the 100-yard race on field day.

Both as a student and after graduation he was quite a voluminous writer and author. Soon after graduation he was employed by the Santa Fe Railroad to investigate and put into shape some of the old Spanish legends that cluster about the monasteries, ruins, and other historic places in New Mexico and other parts of the southwestern portion of the United States ceded to this country by Mexico after the war with that country. Many of his descriptions and accounts of these old traditions were quoted by the daily press and other publications interested in such things all over the country. He also wrote quite extensively for the magazines until the pressing demands on his time by his political and professional activities caused him to give up this work.

He was married November 29, 1899, in the chapel of Bethany College, Topeka, to Miss Edna Margaret Steele, a very talented young lady of Revolutionary ancestry, and formerly a student in that institution. Mr. and Mrs. LITTLE lived in Abilene until they removed to Kansas City, Kans., in 1908. Mr. and Mrs. LITTLE's home life was very happy, and Mrs. Little was a true helpmate to her husband. One son, Donald Little, was born to them January 29, 1901. He was attending George Washington University, Washington, D. C., when his father died and expected to graduate therefrom this year.

In the days of his young manhood he was a teacher in the public schools of Leavenworth, Kans., and there demonstrated considerable ability as an educator. His bent toward athletics enabled him to maintain discipline without difficulty and also won the admiration and loyalty of his pupils.

As a lawyer he was able, resourceful, fearless, and successful. He was admitted to the bar of this State immediately after graduating from the Kansas University Law School in the year of 1886, with the degree of LL. B. As a law student, under the revered dean, James Woods Green, he mastered the fundamental principles of the law, and he always took pride in classing himself as one of " Uncle Jimmy's boys." He practiced law at Abilene, Kans., until 1908, when he removed to Kansas City, Kans., where he was actively engaged in the practice until 1916, when he was elected as a Member of the House of Representatives from the second congressional district of Kansas. When he entered Congress he had built up a large and lucrative practice, which by reason of his arduous official duties he was compelled to gradually relinquish.

Under appointment of President Benjamin Harrison he served his country with distinction and honor as diplomatic agent and consul general to Egypt. As a mark of the esteem in which he was regarded as a diplomat he was decorated by the then Sultan of Turkey.

Colonel LITTLE organized the famous Twentieth Kansas Volunteer Infantry in April, 1898, and was appointed lieutenant colonel. He served with this regiment in the Spanish-American War in the Philippines. He was in command of his battalion in 10 engagements, and in command of the regiment in 5 others in the Philippine insurrection. He was mustered out in San Francisco, October 28, 1899, with the remainder of the regiment.

Colonel LITTLE was an orator of ability. He was in demand as a commencement speaker and on every Fourth of July, and never escaped being called on in political campaigns for the past 40 years. He was good at repartee, and a very superior extemporaneous speaker.

He served nearly eight years in Congress. His greatest work in Washington was a compilation of the United States Statutes into a code, a labor so strenuous and exacting as to have contributed largely to his final breakdown. During all the colonel's service as Congressman he was a true friend of the ex-soldiers, their widows and orphans.

He was tireless in efforts to assist them, and was unusually prompt and diligent in his attention to letters and requests from his constituents. He took every opportunity to speak words of praise for the Civil War veterans, whose valor he highly respected. While at the commencement of his campaigns for Congress he was compelled to fight every inch of the way, yet at the last election he carried every county in his district and was elected by the largest majority ever given a Congressman in his district.

As a private citizen and in the public service the colonel loved justice and walked uprightly. The breath of scandal or suspicion never turned toward him, either as a private citizen or public servant.

Colonel LITTLE was a Scottish Rite Mason of the thirty-second degree, and a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and Knights of Pythias.

Colonel LITTLE died in Washington, D. C., on the 27th day of June, 1924. His funeral was held in Kansas City, Kans., on June 30, 1924, and he was buried in Abilene, Kans., July 1, 1924, with military honors.

To the members of Colonel LITTLE'S family we extend our most sincere sympathy and condolences. While we recognize the futility of words to heal the wounds made by grief and sorrow, we trust that the magic processes of time will bring that consolation which we are unable to give, and which only comes as a compensation and sequence of an honorable, well-spent life.

Respectfully submitted.

E. L. FISCHER,
F. D. HUTCHINGS,
J. O. EMERSON,
Committee.

The PRESIDENT. I will entertain a motion to adopt this report.

Mr. C. A. BOWMAN. Mr. President——

The PRESIDENT. Mr. Bowman.

Mr. C. A. BOWMAN. I move that the report be adopted and ordered printed by the bar association and that an

appropriate number of copies be sent to the family of the deceased, and that the judges of the district court of Wyandotte County, Kans., be requested to have it entered on the journal of the court.

The PRESIDENT. You have heard the motion. Those in favor signify by saying "aye." [Cries of "aye."] The resolution is carried. I had my stenographer transcribe the record of Colonel LITTLE from Who's Who in America. You have that, Mr. Koehler. Will you read it?

Mr. J. S. KOEHLER. "LITTLE, EDWARD CAMPBELL, Congressman; born Newark, Ohio, December 14, 1858; son Theophilus, jr., and Sarah Elliott (Taylor) Little; A. B., University of Kansas, 1883; LL. B., A. M., 1886; admitted to bar 1886; married Edna M. Steele, at Topeka, Kans., November 29, 1899; city attorney Ness City, Kans., 1888; county attorney Dickinson County, 1892; city counsellor, Herington, Kans., 1895; removed to Kansas City, Kans., 1908; was secretary to Governor of Kansas; diplomatic agent and consul general with rank of minister resident to Egypt, 1892–93; lieutenant colonel, Twentieth Kansas Volunteers in Philippine Islands, 1898–99; congressional medal for services in Philippines; delegate at large Republican National Convention, 1892; defeated by narrow margin for United States Senator, 1897, and for justice supreme court, 1914; Member Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh, and Sixty-eighth Congresses (1917–1925), second Kansas district; chairman Revision of Laws Committee; Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, from Sultan of Turkey, for diplomatic service. Home: 618 Freeman Avenue, Kansas City, Kans."

The PRESIDENT. You will observe it has been probably 45 years since Colonel LITTLE first entered the University of Kansas. There are no other associations in life probably that are dearer to a man than his old associations in college, and Colonel LITTLE is fortunate this morning in having two men, at least two men, at this bar who were students at the time that he was in the University of Kansas. One of them was his close friend, Judge Frank D. Hutchings. I will ask Judge Hutchings to address us relative to Colonel LITTLE's university life and as to such other matters as he sees fit.

Judge F. D. HUTCHINGS. Colonel LITTLE and myself were in the same class at the University of Kansas, the class of 1883. I met him his first year in college. He came from Abilene, and had had the usual experience of a Kansas boy in that part of the State. He was aggressive and was ready to accept the gauge of battle at any time and on any occasion. He was a good student. He always took a great deal of pride in taking up a subject and mastering it. He was liked by most of the professors and respected by all of the students. Of course, a man or boy of his characteristics had very strong friends and very strong opponents; but he was always able to hold his own in any contest in which he entered. We were at school together in the collegiate department four years, and part of the time we were roommates. We belonged to the same fraternity and were interested in the same side in college politics. There were a good many contests that were very interesting to us at the time, and to those who engaged in them, but, of course, would not be of any particular interest now. He was editor and editor in chief of the Kansas Review for, I think, two years, and succeeded in making it one of the best college papers published in the country. Some of his editorials and contributions that were published in the paper were quoted and approved by other college papers published in the different colleges of the United States. He was also editor in chief of The Shield, the national organ of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, and during the time The Shield was published by the Kansas chapter it got on its feet and became a prosperous magazine. It had not been so very successful prior to that time, owing to the fact that the people who had charge of it had been undergraduates and could not devote the time to it that was necessary. LITTLE devoted a great deal of time to this, I expect on a good many occasions at the expense of some of his collegiate work, but succeeded in making it a success, which it always has been since.

He graduated in 1883 with the degree of bachelor of arts. On commencement he was chosen to speak for the

school of arts and sciences. In those days classes were much smaller than they are now. The class of 1883 had 20 members, and that was the largest class that had graduated from the collegiate department of the university at that time. The faculty in those days usually chose a member from each school—the school of law, the school of medicine, and the school of arts and sciences—and he was chosen as the representative of the school of arts and sciences. On class day he also represented the graduating class, chosen by the class, and gained an enviable reputation.

After graduation he was connected, as was stated in the resolutions, with the Santa Fe Railroad for quite a time. It was about this time that the old Atlantic & Pacific had been incorporated in the Santa Fe system, and the railroad was interested in calling attention to the country traversed by this new line through New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California. LITTLE did a great amount of work in looking up and putting in readable form some of the old Spanish traditions and folklore of that part of the country. Subsequent to that he graduated from the school of law, in 1886. He began the practice of his profession in Ness City, Kans., and subsequently removed to Abilene. He was quite successful from the beginning. Of course, a man of his temperament would be attracted by the contest of trial, and gave it special attention, and he was more than averagely successful in trying cases to a jury.

John P. Usher, general counsel for the Kansas Pacific Railway, was a good friend of LITTLE'S, and he was for a time in his office at Lawrence, Kans. Judge Usher had been Secretary of the Interior in President Lincoln's Cabinet, and was one of the great lawyers of this country, but withal was always pleasant and genial to the young men who were studying law or were just starting out in practice. N. H. Loomis, now general counsel for the Union Pacific system at Omaha, was in Judge Usher's office, and some of the discussions between LITTLE and Loomis on disputed law points were certainly animated and interesting.

His life since he came to Kansas City in 1908 is well known to all members of the bar. I can say that he was a good and true friend and a man who always wanted to do what was right, and risked his own advancement and success ofttimes in refusing to do what would seem to be the most politic but what he did not believe was the right and proper thing to do.

He lived to a ripe old age, ever active and progressive, meeting with the courage of a brave heart the obstacles that confronted him in life's path, and whether successful or vanquished in the combat he never sulked in his tent, but in the next onset could always be found on the advance line, seeking and doing what he thought was right.

As he lived, he died, and when summoned by the messenger to whom no man born of woman can say nay, sustained by the knowledge of a life well and honorably spent, and in the Christian faith, uncomplaining and unflinching, he followed the messenger and passed from among us.

The PRESIDENT. As most of you know, my association with Colonel LITTLE was that of a political opponent, within the Republican Party. Colonel LITTLE took politics, as he did most matters, seriously. When he did anything he did it with energy. He took politics seriously. In this he rather differed from me. I have often said that I got more fun out of politics and less votes than any other man in Kansas. I remember in the campaign of 1916 that it was from the 1st of August to the 20th of August before we knew who won. Then he had one vote more than I had. He told me that he lost 15 pounds in that time worrying about that one vote. I told him that I always lost my flesh after I won. You know I never lost a great deal of flesh.

In a subsequent campaign some personal bitterness developed between us. The occasion is unimportant, for both of us long ago wiped that from our slate. But there was an estrangement. But Colonel LITTLE came to my office and offered his hand, suggesting that life was too short for us to waste any of it in personal animosity,

with which I agreed, and ever since we have had only the most cordial relations. It illustrates that however hasty he may have been at times, he did the generous and magnanimous thing in the end.

During the time that Colonel LITTLE was in school Mr. I. F. Bradley, a member of this bar, came to the university, and he became acquainted with Colonel LITTLE, and we would like to hear a few words from Mr. Bradley.

Mr. I. F. BRADLEY. Mr. Chairman, it is a more than passing formality to me to have something to say about Colonel LITTLE. Perhaps I have known him as long as anyone here, save and except the judge of this court, and I think he was the first man in the State of Kansas with whom I had any real transaction, and surely the first one who spoke kindly to me. He was clerk of the university. When I glanced up to him and started to hand up my $25 as an entrance fee his first look at me was that of supreme kindness. I remember how he looked down and said, "You don't have to pay all that now," and I now remember, and afterwards also, he did not say when I would have to pay the rest "You can pay $12.50 now." He did not say any more. He explained afterwards why he did not tell me I would have to pay the rest. And my relations with him, with two others, were always the best. And the three that impressed me at that time as men of the finest qualities were known as Fred, Frank, and ED—Fred Funston, Frank Hutchings, and ED LITTLE. Incidents and circumstances brought me nearer first one, then the other at times. I always studied them and learned something from each. I observed Fred; he always dreamed of fame, fortune, and empire. He strayed away from school at the end of the term before finishing, to the surprise of his many friends. I noticed in the other a studiousness and an acquaintance with study, and in the third a solemn, militant, aggressive spirit and nature; and I observed them afterwards. Each waxed well in the line of life that he chose. And ED always was moved by the same interest and kindness to me that he showed from the first.

I remember when he was in Africa how regularly he wrote me and what a study he was making of that far-away land and of matters that would be of special interest to me; how he wrote about the tribes of that land, their history and their actions, what they were doing, and so on; how regularly he wrote me concerning them; and that correspondence I returned with the same amount of interest, and I am sure it would be interesting to you to study those peoples and their customs, showing a great deal that the world does not know. And he has sat down and gone over with me what he knows about these different tribes and their governments and their institutions and their cities, often describing a city that he had gone into of 100,000 population in which there was manufactured some of the finest goods sold in such cities as Paris, saddle goods and leather goods, and all things of that sort. Many years after I had left the university I met him in the office of Judge Fischer and he explained to me why he did not take the $12.50 from me as my entrance fee at the university. I did not know why he did that, and I did not suppose he knew what a convenience it was to me under the circumstances, as I had prepared to enter school at that time, and at the time I got there, after getting my books and supplies, I had probably about $30, and if I had paid the $25 I would have $5 left, and I explained to him that made me $17.50 to start in with instead of $5. He explained to me, as he looked down at me I looked rather seedy, and he figured out I would freeze out in a few weeks, and it was a pity to take $25 from me under the circumstances when $12.50 would last as long as I would stay.

Coming down to the life of Colonel LITTLE, and the things he has done, suggests to me that he did not take perhaps as much time living as he ought. When we shuffle off this mortal coil we leave it just the same as it was when we came; whatever we have accumulated in all the years, we take no more away than we bring. That which we leave that is most lasting is that which calls

for the exercises that we are here gathered to do—the memory of the man and his deeds. He lives in the minds of his friends, not so much the height to which he attained or the scope through which his operations passed, but his life was such as to impress us along the line, as I have said, not so much what you have but how you impress your fellows, how they think of you after you are gone. I shall always think of him with respect, deep and impressive.

The PRESIDENT. In conversation with Colonel LITTLE in regard to the Spanish-American War he told me, and it is common knowledge to those who knew him, that Governor Leedy wished to appoint him colonel of the Twentieth Kansas, but in the most magnanimous spirit he insisted upon the appointment of Colonel Funston, from the fact, he said, that Funston had had some military training and he had not.

Among the associations of life I think those that soldiers have are the closest in after life. We have this morning a comrade in arms of Colonel LITTLE, himself a most distinguished soldier, who bears a medal, the highest which the Congress of the United States gives, for valor in the field. I will call on Hon. William B. Trembley this morning to speak briefly upon the line of Colonel LITTLE'S military career.

Hon. WILLIAM B. TREMBLEY. Mr. President and members of the bar association, I am here to tell you a few things about my good friend, Colonel LITTLE. He was in the hospital four weeks before he died. At the end of three weeks he had improved sufficiently so that arrangements had been completed for his removal from the hospital, and then he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, which left him in a semiconscious condition for about 36 hours, when he regained consciousness and could move his hands and legs, but could not speak and was unable to turn over. He remained in that condition until the end, recovering his voice slightly, but weakened very fast, and while he was conscious to the last he suffered no bodily pain and died very peacefully.

Colonel LITTLE during his life was a very successful and honest politician and statesman. He was very careful to never permit his campaign expenses to exceed the amount allowed by law. He never permitted any man or organization of men to pay his campaign expenses. He always held himself in a position to vote on all measures according to the dictates of his own conscience and the way a majority of his constituents wished.

The really influential men in Washington were always anxious for his opinion on current events and measures pending in the House and Senate.

He held many responsible positions and offices, but I believe he really considered the " high spot " in his career was his services in the Army. He was lieutenant colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteer Infantry during the Spanish-American War, and was in direct command of the first battalion, of which I was a private. During and after the war I saw a great deal of him and learned to love and appreciate him as only one comrade can another. You have heard how officers looked after the welfare of the men in their organization, but with the colonel this welfare went so far that it was an obscession with him, and when in battle lines or the trenches he was the last man to lie down for the night.

He never went into a fight without his plans were made. He was unfortunate enough to get a bullet in his leg, which he carried until his death and which prevented him from being in command of his battalion a part of the time, but he was in command of the battalion in 10 engagements and in command of the regiment in 5 others; and by reason of the fact that his plans were well made his organization never retreated or gave up a foot of captured ground.

His care and interest in his comrades did not end when we were mustered out of the service, but it seemed to me that his love for a man who had seen service in any war increased as he grew older and was second in his regards only to the love and esteem in which he held his wife and son. In this connection I will add that he

recommended to the Postmaster General, and had appointed to post offices in his congressional district, four men who were privates in his battalion in the Twentieth Kansas Infantry, and of the twenty-odd recommendations that he made for postmasters all but four were ex-service men, and one of these was the widow of an ex-service man, and then he died—just passed very quietly away, still in love with his family and all the men who fought for his country.

The PRESIDENT. Among those members of this bar who were more or less intimate with Colonel LITTLE is Mr. H. E. Dean. I will ask Mr. Dean to say a few words.

Mr. H. E. DEAN. Mr. President and brethren of the bar, I have learned more about Colonel LITTLE's life this morning than I had ever known before. My acquaintance with him—that is, the acquaintance that might be termed intimate—covered only the later years of his life, not to exceed 8 or 10. I met him first, as I now recall, in Judge Hutchings's office perhaps 20 years ago, and from that time until he became a Member of Congress I knew little of him. It would be useless, after these men who have been his friends in college life and in the Army, for me to say anything about that, and I will say but a few words about some of the things that impressed me about Colonel LITTLE in the years that I knew him well. And the one thing, outside of the fact that all of us know, of his intense patriotism and his response to the call of his country, the one thing that impressed me most was his attitude toward the youth of his country, the hopes that he had as to their preserving its institutions and the things that he gave of his official life toward directing at least some of the youth toward the goal which was to him the greatest of all, that of preserving the free institutions of his native land.

And I recall one instance now where some friends of a boy who lived in Kansas City, Kans., an orphan who was without influential friends, who was without money, and when his natural ability as a student was presented to Colonel LITTLE he gladly did the things that were necessary

to place this boy in a position where he might achieve the hopes that he had for a future for himself. One of the things that the colonel was looking forward to at the time he died was that in September of this coming year, when the boy had his vacation, he expected, along with the other friends of this young fellow, to assist in his entertainment here in Kansas City, Kans.; and this was the thing which to me, perhaps above all else, appealed as indicating the splendid qualities in Colonel LITTLE's character. He will not be here to help entertain this boy, but we think probably that he is some place where he will have some knowledge of the fruits of his endeavor to make this boy's life a success, together with other influences that he has wielded in the lives of many others. To-day as we gather here to pay some tribute to the memory of one who has worked with us, and look out to that great future life in which we believe, we do not know where this land is, geographically, but as we are met here this morning to talk something about Colonel LITTLE's life here, and yet to be yonder, we feel that this land is indeed close to us and that the friends who have gone to it are only passed beyond, and that when memory stirs up the dreams about the life of him who has gone we feel that, just by reaching out the hand, the waiting hand will clasp ours once more across the silence in the same old way.

The PRESIDENT. I am sure that these kind and eloquent words will be a great solace and comfort to Colonel LITTLE's widow and his son as well as a great heritage.

This concludes the exercises, and, if there is nothing further, we will consider our meeting adjourned.

U. S. GUYER, *President.*
JEROME S. KOEHLER, *Secretary.*

EULOGY TO COL. EDWARD C. LITTLE—A TRIBUTE BY COL. A. M. HARVEY, AT SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE, KANSAS CITY, KANS., JUNE 30, 1924

As you journey through life you here and there meet some one of whom you can say, "He is my friend"; and at the same time know that he regards you as his friend.

To such a one you open up your heart and stand ready with service and sympathy, and you feel and know that he opens up his heart to you. It was this kind of a friendship that was formed between Colonel LITTLE and myself many years ago, and although many times we have differed in our views and contended in sharp conflict, and though much of the time we have been separated, there never has been a moment when I did not feel the genuineness of his friendship, nor when I did not know that he knew that my friendship was quite as genuine for him. This will be the explanation of my appearance here to-day and my attempt to recall something of the life and character of Colonel LITTLE, and my estimate of the heritage which his life and character has given to those who may follow him.

To-day, as the great mystery of life is crowded out of consideration by the mystery of death, we feel something of the weakness of the untaught man whose first mental activity is to wonder. The great forests and the never-ending plains, terrible storms and beautiful days, mighty rivers and boundless oceans, the matchless firmament and the splendid accuracy with which great worlds travel in space, together with the fact of life and the certainty of death, brings the consciousness to man that he occupies a small place in the great universe of things, fills him with awe and causes him to wonder, and this is the beginning of intelligence and of wisdom. Let us hope that, to-day, as we gather about the body of our dead friend and are again brought back to primitive thought and primitive consideration, that we may gather wisdom and strength, and if wonder brings fear, let us understand that it also brings hope and that with it comes faith and love, which is the greatest thing in the world.

So I ask you to bear with me while I recall with you some of the splendid memories of our friend—some of the rich endowment he has left for his wife and child, and for all mankind. In this connection, it must be remembered that virtues never die. The stream of life

carries with it all that man has contributed to it and flows on and on forever, just as Father Ryan said:

The river flows on and on,
Day and night, and night and day,
Going and going and never gone,
Staying and staying, and never still.
Going and staying, as if one will said,
"Beautiful river, go to the sea,"
And another will whispered, "Stay with me";
And the river made answer, soft and low,
"I go and I stay, I stay and I go."

Colonel LITTLE's life was marked with genius, faithfulness, and goodness of heart. About the time he finished college some of his friends collected poems written by students and teachers and published them in a little volume; among the names of the authors were those of Arthur Graves Canfield, William Herbert Carruth, and other members of the faculty and student body, but the one poem that stands above all the others in genius and beauty was written by Colonel LITTLE. It is entitled "Domus et Porta," and was inspired by a Latin inscription which he found over the doorway of a cathedral in Mexico, interpreted, "This is the house of God; this is the gate His martyrs trod." After a number of stanzas full of beauty and imagery he finished with this:

Then bow low your Saxon head,
Softly speak and lightly tread,
'Neath words so grand.
To carve the line that stands above,
He gave up life and fame and love.
He believed it—let it stand.

Haec est Domus Dei:
This is the House of God;
Et Porta Coeli:
This the gate His martyrs trod.

In this same publication another of his poems in the first stanza reflects something of the love of his university and of the friendships he had made there:

O college days that speed on wings so strong;
O college joys that last not long, not long;
O college friends from whom we soon shall sever;
O college friendships made for aye and ever;
O dreams of youth so sweet, so frail, so fleeting,
'Neath touch of time and care so swift retreating—

He was always faithful to his university and throughout his life maintained an acquaintance with a host of its graduates and students, all of whom testify to his goodness of heart and his willingness to help them and each of them at any time that help was needed.

He wrote a number of books, articles, and poems, all in fine style and distinguished by thought, philosophy, and beauty. It is no wonder that a great author with whom he became acquainted when he was United States consul to Egypt regarded him with affection and dedicated one of his books to him.

He was a great reader and had a retentive memory. He not only searched the Scriptures and read the classics, but he could tell you everything that had been written about Wild Bill and other frontier people, and he did not despise the literature of David Crockett, California Joe, and others in their class. At times when he was making a public address it seemed that he was inspired and that everything that he had read was present in his mind for immediate use. Once, upon the organization of a new political movement, he was called upon for a speech in a convention, and, as he pledged his faith to his associates, he aptly quoted the following from the Book of Ruth—

"And Ruth said, 'Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

On another occasion in Congress he finished a philippic against an Army inspector with a quotation from Shakespeare's King Henry the Fourth where Hotspur is made to say—

But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

* * * *

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Those who knew him well always read speeches he made in Congress, with the idea of picking up the touches of genius with which every one was marked.

Early in his political career he took cognizance of the everlasting conflict which holds forth in every civilized community between the financial power and the man power of the country. He was not one who would confiscate or destroy property, but he held close to the

American doctrine that where there was a conflict between man and money, man should have the first consideration. In many of his political addresses he presented this subject with all the force of a Jefferson or a Lincoln, and over and over said that property rights were more secure in that country where humanity was protected and men, women, and children given the first consideration. He was fond of saying: "I stand for those who labor and for humanity."

As consul to Egypt he helped break up practices that had for their purpose the robbing of the poor. As a soldier his first consideration was for the welfare of enlisted men. As a Member of Congress his greatest concern was always to be on the people's side. One of his last speeches in Congress was made in behalf of a bill intended to better the opportunities and conditions of those engaged in agriculture, and during late years much of his time was given to the compiling of the statutes of the United States. His last vote in Congress was for the bonus for soldiers of the World War. These soldiers had learned to love him and to count upon him as a friend who never failed them.

He was brilliant as a lawyer, and during his practice delighted in espousing the cause of a client who had little or no money but a righteous claim. Their trust was all in him, and he never failed them.

He was a fierce debater and a hard fighter, and anyone who contended with him soon learned that they must have a sharpened blade and be ready to use it, because he was sure to go the limit in contending for what he thought was right. At the same time he could cheerfully lay off his armor when the battle was done.

Colonel LITTLE's career as a soldier was characteristic of him. He was a student of history and of conditions, and well knew that the time was at hand for the remnant of the once proud Empire of Spain to give up its pretensions to government in the western world. Frederick A. Funston, who had been serving as a soldier of fortune with the insurgents of Cuba, came through our State on a lecturing tour. Colonel LITTLE entertained him, as he

always did any of his old university friends. Afterwards he told some of his acquaintances that he believed that we were sure to have a war with Spain on account of conditions in Cuba. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, and the first of all his plans was to use his utmost influence, if war should come, in securing the appointment of his friend Funston to be the colonel of one of the Kansas regiments. In the Senate a speech was made by Senator Proctor setting forth the horrors and inhumanities of the situation in Cuba. In a few days that matchless orator, John M. Thurston, stood in his place in the Senate and made his unanswerable argument in favor of intervention. Among other things, he denounced the whole history of Spanish colonization in America, and charged that its principal record had been to set up crosses and commit atrocities.

These speeches fired the colonel, and when our battleship in Habana Harbor was blown up under circumstances that indicated it had been torpedoed, he was ready for war, and, with the consent of the governor, wired Funston to come to the State capitol, scarcely waiting for a declaration of war. It was just the kind of a struggle to inspire Colonel LITTLE, because there was no prospect in it for gain, but only a fight for humanity. He secured the appointment of his friend as colonel and took a position under him. It soon developed that the Philippines were involved and that 400 years of misrule in those islands were to be considered upon the same basis as that in Cuba. His regiment was sent to the Philippines and it was there that he had his soldier experience. The records testify as to his capacity, courage, and valor as a soldier; but in all that tour of duty, in a tropical climate, under hard conditions and against a treacherous and almost barbarous foe, the finest tribute that comes to Colonel LITTLE is from the enlisted men of his command, who testify to his personal consideration of them. No day was too long or night too dark, nor situation too hazardous, for Colonel LITTLE to fail to give personal aid and help to individual soldiers who might need it.

At one of the reunions of the Twentieth Kansas a sturdy youngster told of his experience one torrid day when he, as a member of Colonel LITTLE's command, together with the others, fought and skirmished for hours before they were relieved and ordered to march to another location. Their canteens were empty and there was no water fit to drink. The colonel advised them that there was a spring several miles ahead and they marched toward it. "And," said the youngster, "when we reached the spring there stood the old colonel, seeing to it that every soldier got water to drink and with which to fill his canteen, and, although his lips were swollen and parched, and he was weary and worn with the march, he refused to touch a drop himself until every soldier had been supplied."

One can hear hundreds of stories like this from the survivors of the Twentieth Kansas. After the war he treated these soldiers as though they were members of his family and took a personal interest in them, wherever they might be. It is no wonder that those who are left from this famous command always speak of him with affection, and we can easily believe that just as sure as there is life beyond the grave and men who have lived here know and greet one another over there—just that sure was Colonel LITTLE greeted by outstretched hands and strong arms to be placed in his when he crossed the great river of death and took his place on the other side.

Colonel LITTLE was fond of his father and mother and saw to it that their old age was made comfortable and happy, and he was proud beyond limit of his wife and son.

He was hampered not by creeds nor doctrines nor dogmas, but fashioned his life by the teachings of Him who came out of the hills of Nazareth and taught men that there is no Jew nor Greek, nor bond nor free—that all men are brothers.

May his wife and son have comfort, strength, and peace, and may his life and character be an inspiration to them and to all men always.

Address by Representative Jost
Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This life of ours as we know it is a very small wick in creation's lamp. The oil that it feeds upon is soon consumed. The flame burns but a brief moment in one long, dark night of mystery. As one who pauses in his labor to note the hour of the fleeting day, so do we on occasions such as this assemble and reflect upon the years we have lived and the friends who have helped live them. ED LITTLE'S life touched mine frequently and intimately during the last decade. He was my good, warm, loyal friend. Paradoxically as it may seem, we sat in this House together representing different districts from different States, and yet resided in the same city, greater Kansas City being divided by the State line; he lived on the Kansas side and I on the Missouri. I found him a delightful official companion. We represented, as you will readily see, a common constituency and our local problems were naturally common and so we worked together. He was a splendid official associate. He played the game of life square. Mr. Speaker, when I took his hand last spring just before I went home, I observed the pain which twitched his face and I knew he was ill—seriously ill—but I did not realize that it was the last handclasp and that he was so soon to pass on and through the gates and into a realm like unto that from which dreams come. I know that

when his soul took wing and flew to the mercy seat for judgment it carried the credentials of a just career. Ed Little was remarkable in many respects. He was not brilliant; none will claim so. He was substantial. He did not live his life in the clouds of imagination and fancy; he kept his feet on earth, and knew and appreciated the character and nature of his talents and employed them in a practical, sensible, and useful way. There was no bluster or pretense about him. He was always natural, never artificial. He never shirked a duty, he was morally brave. A devotee to principle, he would under no circumstances compromise with wrong. Of that the victories and defeats that marked the progress of his life furnish abundant proof.

Defeat was never a disappointment to him, for his was a mind so finely attuned and charged that it gloried in a defeat sustained in a cause conceived to be righteous, and would have counted itself disgraced in a victory won at the cost of honor. His mental make-up was humanitarian, essentially so. I know of no act or vote of his by which he ever assailed or offered violence to the lawful rights of property, yet he always and everywhere espoused the cause of the weak, and preached the political gospel that dollars and property should be instrumentalities to spread happiness among lives and never applied to the oppression of mankind. He intuitively sensed and practiced justice. His life was consecrated to and lived in the service of his fellows. Mr. Speaker, if

the eclat of the world is the test of greatness, then my friend was not great, because he was never in the center of popular acclaim. But if greatness can be found in the quality of deeds quietly done, by a heart and mind bent to the limit of ability in the service of mankind, then I can claim for my friend a kind of greatness, a kind in which I imagine the Lord delighteth.

There is nothing, Mr. Speaker, on this earth that surpasses a real, live, alert, thinking, dynamic man. The Biblical account of creation makes him the crowning achievement of the Divine labor. If I were an artist I would paint men, not things. If I were a poet I would sing the song of human achievement and let nature argue her own cause. If I were an orator and could fashion speech and send it from my lips garbed in beauty and winged with eloquence, I would not marry the tips of the hills to the sun's rays nor turn babbling brooks and whispering forests into nature's orchestra, but I would single out, and tell in all the splendor of verbal expression, the story of some plain, ordinary life, lived by one who had found his place among his fellows and did a man's job toward lessening the amount of human misery and increasing the sum total of human happiness in this world. I would take some such life lived as cleanly and usefully as that of my friend, Ed Little.

As the spark of life flickered and left his body, and he heard the last clear call from across the sea, I know that he could and did step with light foot and assured heart upon the invisible ship of an invisible destiny.

Address by Representative Hoch

Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER AND MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE: I do not rise to speak at any length on the life and character of Colonel LITTLE. The gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Guyer], who represents the second Kansas district, which Colonel LITTLE represented with such distinction for a number of years in this House, has spoken in eloquent words of the dramatic setting of his early life and in a splendid way of the characteristics of the man. The gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Madden] and the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Jost] have given us a very accurate analysis of the life and character of Colonel LITTLE. I rise merely to add a word of personal tribute to the memory of our departed colleague and friend.

I remember very well the first time I saw Colonel LITTLE. It was perhaps 30 years ago when he was delivering a political speech in my home town, and the picture of the man on that day has remained in my mind as a vivid recollection during all of these years.

He was a striking figure. He had a military bearing; he had a very impressive platform presence, he had a keen eye, and then he had that indefinable something which we may call personal magnetism. For more than a third of a century he was one of the most striking and picturesque figures in the life of our State.

He was a man of very strong and fine mental equipment. He had read widely and he remembered well; his knowledge covered a wide range of subjects. As one of the speakers has already said, he was something of a fighter. The scent of battle was sweet to him and because that was so and because he had a certain brusqueness of manner in contest, it was often true, doubtless, that many who did not know him well did not altogether understand him. But every man who knew Colonel LITTLE well knew that back of this brusqueness of manner was a very deep and essential tenderness of spirit.

The last great work to which he devoted himself in this House was in connection with the revision and codification of the laws. That work has not yet come to a final enactment, and I shall not here attempt to appraise whatever reasons there may have been for the delay. It may be that if Colonel LITTLE had had a little more patience with criticism and if others had had more consideration the work would have by this time been placed on the statute books. However that may be, that work will some of these days be put on the books and then it will become one of the enduring monuments to Colonel LITTLE'S great energy, to his marked ability, and to his prodigious industry.

Upon occasions like this our minds inevitably turn to thoughts of the mystery of human life. We live and die in a world which has so much in it that we do not understand. Life hurries on apace through childhood, youth, and maturity

and old age with its lights and shadows, with its tragedies and its loves, and its unfulfilled possibilities.

Whatever may be the crown of achievement of any man, no man in these fleeting years ever finds full fruition for the potential powers which lie deep in human personality. And that very incompleteness of this mortality is high argument for immortality. Somewhere there must be a forum where these human powers which are so imperfectly developed here will find full play and opportunity for development. The voice of faith must ever speak to those who mourn to give assurance of a better day, a place where life's injustices shall be corrected, where life's inequalities shall be leveled, and life's incompleteness made whole. It must be so in some land of far horizons and cloudless skies. Now, we see through a glass darkly; but then, face to face.

Address by Representative Bulwinkle

Of North Carolina

Mr. SPEAKER: At the beginning of the first session of the Sixty-seventh Congress one of the first Members on the Republican side that I became acquainted with was Hon. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, the Representative from the second district of Kansas and chairman of the Committee on Revision of Laws. Immediately we formed a strong attachment for each other. This friendship lasted until he died on the 27th day of June, 1924.

According to custom the House convenes to-day out of respect to his memory and in order that his colleagues may pay their tribute to those sterling qualities and attainments which caused him to be admired and respected by his many friends.

Colonel LITTLE was descended from famous ancestry, for he was a great grandnephew of Colonel Campbell, of Revolutionary War fame, who aided in defeating Ferguson at Kings Mountain on October 7, 1781. The death of Ferguson and the defeat at Kings Mountain of his army aided the colonial army in those latter days of the war and brought on the surrender at Yorktown. Some distant relatives of Colonel LITTLE now live in North Carolina.

I doubt if any Member of the present Congress has had such a varied experience in life as had Colonel LITTLE.

An A. B. graduate of Kansas University.

A graduate in law of the same university.

The United States diplomatic agent and consul general to Egypt during the Harrison administration.

The lieutenant colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Infantry during the Spanish-American War. This was the same regiment that Funston commanded. Colonel LITTLE participated in over 20 engagements with Filipinos.

An author of stories and sketches of western life.

An active participant in political life. Many times the nominee of the Republican Party.

A lawyer of marked ability for 37 years.

And elected to the Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh, and the Sixty-eighth Congresses, where his ability was recognized as a debater and an efficient Congressman by his colleagues.

Such in brief has been the life of our friend. I shall not speak of his home life, which was happy. Nor shall I say anything of his personal characteristics which caused him to be loved by his friends, save this, that his character was devoid of all deceit; he hated and despised sham and deceit in others. Honest himself, he could not tolerate dishonesty in others. With a kind heart he would go the limit to aid a friend. And he was always true to a friend. These are but a few of the many sterling qualities that he possessed which endeared him to those of us who knew him so well.

To-day I wish to speak of that monumental service that he rendered his country while a Member

of this House. For nearly four years I served as a minority member on the Committee on Revision of Laws with him. And the work that he did, while chairman of that committee, in compiling the United States Statutes, in my opinion, shortened his useful life.

Every practicing lawyer before the Federal courts, every member of the Federal bench, and every United States district attorney realizes the absolute necessity of having the Federal statutes codified. Colonel LITTLE, having been in the active practice of his chosen profession so long, realized this necessity, and in the Sixty-sixth Congress commenced the work of compiling the statutes. No existing law was to be amended. The work was to be a compilation and nothing more. It was to be printed in one volume and was to be sold at a minimum price to the members of the bar. Experts were employed, and under the active supervision of the chairman the work was commenced. Proofs were furnished to the various governmental departments and bureaus. The work continued, and shortly after the convening of the Sixty-seventh Congress the bill was introduced in the House; this was H. R. 1. The Sixty-seventh Congress passed into history; the Senate had not acted on the bill; the Senate Committee on Revision of the Laws had not during the Sixty-seventh Congress even considered the measure. The work was then continued to bringing the bill up to the end of the Sixty-seventh Congress. Criticisms were again invited of the entire work. All this work was done for little cost. And upon

the convening of the Sixty-eighth Congress the new bill, H. R. 12, was unanimously passed in the House. The Sixty-eighth Congress is growing to a close and the bill rests in the Senate committee. But we have hopes that before the convening of the next Congress H. R. 12, under a new title number, will be completed and both Houses will pass the same upon the convening of Congress.

There are those who have criticized this work for its errors. There may be a few errors in print. But the mistakes, if any, are those made in passing the laws. There may be duplications of law in the volume; this is the fault of Congress. Chairman LITTLE presented a compilation of laws to the bar of the country.

He realized that Congress would never pass a bill which changed existing law. The last attempt to compile and codify the laws of the United States cost $365,000, and very few around the Capitol can tell what has become of the work which for 10 years the commission worked on. Chairman LITTLE with little cost to the Government has already given to the country a compilation of statutes. The work has been praised by the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, judges of the Federal courts, deans of law schools, members of the bar, and law textbook writers. Space does not permit me to put any of these letters in the Record.

To this work Colonel LITTLE gave his life. His heart and soul were wrapped up in the idea. For five years he labored, day after day, night after night, reviewing, correcting the errors made by

those under him, until at last H. R. 12 was passed. When finally the United States Statutes are compiled, indexed, and bound it will be a monument to our deceased colleague and should be dedicated to his memory, to his tireless energy and perseverance, for I believe that the bar of America and the Members of this Congress will then fully appreciate the work of our colleague whose memory we honor to-day.

Address by Representative Fitzgerald
Of Ohio

Mr. SPEAKER: But for the fact that I served with Colonel LITTLE on the Revision of the Laws Committee, and in some degree the great responsibility of finishing that great task which he almost completed has devolved upon me, I would think it presumptuous of me to speak. Yet I greatly desire to do so and to add a tribute of affection and admiration to the memory of my good friend, EDWARD C. LITTLE. We had many points of contact. He was born in my State of Ohio, and we often discussed the trend of the country westward. He loved Kansas and the West, yet there was affection for the old birthplace which he used to talk about reminiscently and lovingly. My former law partner, when I came into the Sixty-seventh Congress, was our consul general to Egypt, the diplomatic post which Colonel LITTLE had held in his younger days, and my friend and fellow townsman, Dr. J. Morton Howell, was, and is now, our minister to Egypt. Colonel LITTLE gave a little dinner to Doctor Howell and our former minister to Persia, and I reveled in his reminiscences of the diplomacy of the older days.

My good friend from North Carolina [Mr. Bulwinkle] has spoken of the monumental work of the codification of the laws of the United States. It seems to me that there is no more important

measure before the Congress than that. When I first met Colonel LITTLE I was awed by the vehemence of his manner and expression, and unconsciously I felt some slight opposition until I saw, as was so easy to see, that there was no malice in the man, no hatred of another, no ill will. His brusqueness of expression was the husk that surrounded a most kindly heart. Colonel LITTLE, if there ever was a man who did so, wore all of his faults on the surface. This wonderful work of his, the magnitude of which is scarcely appreciated even by Members of the House, exacted the greatest patience and care. It required not only his application during the daytime hours, but he worked night after night in his office upon it.

He was a master in securing the cooperation of the members of the committee, many of whom had other matters absorbing their attention and were apt and anxious to rely upon the colonel for the very tedious and arduous work that he had undertaken. He brought one after another, each one of the members of the committee, into consultation. He probed their abilities and aptitude, and he used them to the last degree, and woe to a member of the Revision of the Laws Committee who manifested any interest and showed any capacity to assist in that work and then tried to shirk. Immediately the colonel became insistent and persistent. He exacted from him the utmost of that ability and that capacity. It was not with some vague, "I'll look into this," or "I will see about this," that the colonel could be put off. I

never knew a man who took to heart so literally the Latin maxim, carpe diem, as did Colonel LITTLE. He wanted things done *now*. If you had any information which was likely to assist in the perfection of the Federal Code (H. R. 12) or in the chance of getting that bill forward in the Senate, he wanted that information and that service immediately, not the next day.

I was astonished when I read in the Record, as I had not had the good fortune to hear it, Colonel LITTLE's wonderful eulogy of the Kansas troops in the late war. It is a masterpiece, and I commend it for perusal to every young man not only in the States of Kansas and Missouri but in the Nation. The opportunity was offered by objection in the Senate to the promotion of an officer who had aspersed the character or criticized the lack of discipline of the Kansas and Missouri National Guard troops when as part of the shock troops they came out of battle on the western front in France. It is the greatest masterpiece of invective, of irony and sarcasm that I have ever read, and the most apt quotation of Shakespeare that it has been my good fortune to observe. I compared it with the effort of great masters of such oratory in the Senate and found it was as the performance of a giant to that of a pigmy. Yet you can not read this wonderful production of Colonel LITTLE without being impressed by the fact that, though clothed in irony and sarcasm, the whole purpose was not to attack the character or the ability of the officer who had been so unfortunate as to unfairly criticize the Kansas and

Missouri troops, but to pay the most deserving tribute to the wonderful performance in battle of the soldiers from his home State. This and the compilation of the laws of the United States will constitute a monument to Colonel LITTLE if there were nothing else in his life.

I have understood that up to the World War we had no man living who has commanded more troops in action than Colonel LITTLE.

He knew the great need of the codification. To bring together in one volume the laws of the United States scattered through 25 volumes was the great task which he set about. He accomplished it after years of the most exacting labor, and the great achievement of riper years is embodied in H. R. 12 of the Sixty-eighth Congress. Whether this bill ever passes the Senate or not, it is and will remain the greatest and most authoritative source in reasonable compass of the Federal laws.

This was his child, and he fought for it. He fought joyously and fearlessly as one conscious of right.

I could speak of no greater tribute to Colonel LITTLE than the fact that this great code, involving all the laws of the United States, twice passed the House of Representatives without a dissenting voice or the suggestion of amendment. I recall no other instance when the House of Representatives has manifested such absolute faith and confidence as it did in the capacity and the honor of Colonel LITTLE when he said:

> These are the laws of the United States. No changes have been made.

With all his seeming impatience, how painstaking and careful he was in the execution of this great service.

Physically and morally courageous, with a heart full of sympathy for every unfortunate, he battled to the last, a steam engine in clothes.

We miss him, we shall continue to miss him, and in sadness I quote:

As life runs on the way grows strange,
With faces new,
And near its end
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath everyone, a friend.

Address by Representative Rankin

Of Mississippi

Mr. SPEAKER: Last night, at a meeting of the Ex-Service Men of All Wars, who occupy seats in the House and the Senate, the committee on arrangements did me the signal honor of selecting me to say a few words in memory of our late distinguished colleague, Hon. EDWARD C. LITTLE, of Kansas.

As I looked around I observed those two distinguished patriarchs, General Sherwood, of Ohio, a gallant ex-soldier in the Federal Army, and Major Stedman, of North Carolina, a gallant ex-soldier in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. As I looked upon these sage and venerable men, who have "come down to us from a former generation," sitting side by side, I said I should love to gaze upon that spectacle indefinitely, because it was a most profound exemplification of a reunited country; which was reflected also, in a small way, by what might formerly have been considered the anomalous situation of a committee having selected me, a Democrat from the home State of Jefferson Davis, to pay an humble tribute of respect to the memory of our late lamented colleague, Colonel LITTLE, a Republican from the home State of John Brown.

Some one has referred to these friendships which spring up between Members of different

political parties in the House as the flowers that overhang the walls of party politics. Some of those flowers wither and die of neglect, some of them are blighted and seared in the consuming fires of bitter partisan debate, while others live to shed their fragrance even beyond the tomb.

The flowers of friendship that existed between Colonel LITTLE and myself are just as fresh and fragrant to-day as they were during the days of his active services on the floor of this House.

Those who served with him longer, and who knew him best, have eulogized him in the highest and most appropriate terms, while I, who might be classed as one of his newly made friends, come in all humility to pluck one of the flowers which his generous nature caused to grow over the party wall and reverently place it upon his grave.

When the war clouds of 1898 hung low upon the horizon, and it seemed as if we would likely be plunged into a world conflict, he was one of the first to volunteer his services in his country's cause. No soldiery ever deserved more completely the undying gratitude of their country than do the soldiers of the Spanish-American War, who offered their services in that impending conflict. For in addition to all the dangers and hardships of modern warfare, they were exposed to the many additional dangers and adversities of a tropical climate at a time when that section of the world was suffering from the deadly ravages of yellow fever, typhoid, malaria, and other kindred maladies.

He served with distinction throughout that conflict, and wrote his name high among the military leaders of his time. And after peace had been restored and he had returned to private life, he was called into the Diplomatic Corps, where he rendered the same high quality of service as a representative of the American people in international affairs. As a writer he stood among the first, and as a Representative he labored incessantly for what he deemed best for the advancement of the masses of mankind.

Some one has said:

I wrote my name upon the sand and trusted it would stand for aye,
But soon, alas, the refluent sea had washed my feeble lines away.
I carved my name upon the wood and after years returned again;
I missed the shadow of the tree that stretched of old upon the plain.
The solid marble next my name I gave as a perpetual trust;
An earthquake rent it to its base and now it lies o'erlaid with dust.
All these had failed; I was perplexed. I turned and asked myself what then;
If I would have my name endure, I'll write it on the hearts of men.

He wrote his name indelibly upon the hearts of his fellow men.

He poured his life into his work and burned his candle late into the night, until his failing health compelled him to abandon the contest. He never

complained, but accepted his fate with a philosophical indifference to consequences that should be an inspiration to us all.

And, when finally the summons came to join the innumerable caravan which moves,

> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> He went, not like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approached his grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Peace to his ashes.

Address by Representative Strong

Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: Col. EDWARD C. LITTLE was one of the men who helped to build the State of Kansas and to weave into its history those principles which have made it stand out as a great unit of this Nation. Coming with his father to our State when a boy in 1866, the father being a veteran of the war just closed, he passed through the public schools, and in 1886 graduated from our State university with degrees both in science and in law.

He entered at once into the practice of law and the politics of the State. Within two years he had been unanimously selected as chairman of the Republican State Convention. In 1892 he was elected as a delegate at large from our State to the National Republican Convention, and later in that year was appointed by President Harrison as diplomatic agent and consul general to Egypt, a position he held with such ability and honor that after his return home he was given the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh by the Sultan of Turkey.

In 1897 he was the secretary to the Governor of Kansas, and in 1898 he enlisted in the Spanish-American War and became lieutenant colonel of that great Twentieth Kansas Regiment, and was with it and led it in many of the battles in which it engaged and won honor and fame in the Philippines.

Coming home again in 1899 he married Edna Steele, whom we all know and revere for her

sweet, womanly qualities and for the character and ability with which she proved herself an unusual helpmate to our distinguished colleague. She came with him as a bride to Abilene, Kans., in the district I have the honor to represent in this House.

Mr. LITTLE was city attorney of Abilene and county attorney of Dickinson County. He was one of the men that took part in everything that related to the public interest and he always stood on the side that he believed and which eventually proved to be right. He was a strong advocate of prohibition and of woman's suffrage, two of the cardinal principles of the State of Kansas. In 1916 he was elected to Congress from the district in which he had first lived when coming into the State in 1866. He soon became chairman of the Committee on the Revision of Laws and at once brought that committee into prominence by entering upon a work for the revision and codification of our Nation's laws. With his usual energy he crowded the work to completion. The bill has not yet passed the Congress, but when it does it will be known to all of us who appreciate the great work and splendid ability with which he made possible the revision of our laws as "The Little Code." He was elected a second, third, and fourth time to this House by increased majorities.

Colonel LITTLE was a scholar, a lawyer, an author, a soldier, and a statesman and with all a good husband and father. He sleeps in the beautiful cemetery at Abilene, Kans., in my district, a credit to my district, our State, and the Nation. I was proud to call him my friend.

Address by Representative White

Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: Following these splendid eulogies to which we have just listened, I feel that whatever I may say will be commonplace, if not insipid. I shall speak of Mr. LITTLE, the man, as I knew him. The soul of EDWARD C. LITTLE has gone to grapple in the forum of eternity with its mysterious problems. A farmer boy, in the many conferences and visits we have had in the last six years, he told me many incidents of the troubles and experiences of his childhood. I have thought, as another great Kansan has said, that the soft, cool grass upon which he trod as a little barefoot boy will soon "heal the scar that his descent into the earth has made," and thus the carpet of the living become the blanket of the dead.

On the morning of that fateful day in March when the friends and colleagues of Cæsar tried to dissuade him from attendance on the senate, he turned and said to them, "Of all the things that I have heard, the strangest is that men should fear." I believe that ED LITTLE without vanity could have appropriated that sentiment and applied it to himself. He did not always agree with his colleagues, but he never quarreled with them.

I am compelled to differ from those who may think that Mr. LITTLE was not a brilliant man on

the platform. I have heard him speak in this House, apparently on many occasions without preparation, but his vast fund of information, his intuition was such, his great knowledge of literature and history, and especially on the subject of legislation, was such that it made him always an interesting speaker and many times a most fascinating one.

But, gentlemen, there were times when his subject was to him an inspiration, when he was eloquent in a high degree—not like the eloquence of a Brougham, that rises step by step by well-organized periods until it reaches a climax, but an eloquence that swept all before it and left the arguments of the luckless contender without a landmark in its wake of desolation.

Lord Macaulay said of the Earl of Halifax, "His was a subtle, a fertile, and a capacious intellect." I think that may be truly said of Mr. LITTLE, and no man who was not closely familiar with Colonel LITTLE could have a proper appreciation of the wonderful intellectual quality of the man.

I spent many hours with him. It is the little things of life that furnish the key to a man's character. A few days before coming up here I had a letter from Colonel LITTLE. I had not known him so well, although I had met him a few times, until I came here. He asked me to call at his office. I did so upon my arrival. He always called me Hays and I called him ED. He said, "I know where there is a couple of vacant offices, and it may be that I can help a bit." This was the kind of things Colonel LITTLE was always doing.

Gentlemen, there never was a little 4 or 5 year old girl or boy that would not climb up on Ed Little's knee and in a few minutes have its arms around his neck. He told me a little story that speaks to me of the soul of Little more than his great public service that won him high distinction. It is of the man that I am speaking. There was a little boy down in Congress Hall Hotel, I think, the son of a Member from Oklahoma. He climbed up on the colonel's knee one day and said, "Mr. Little, I want to go home." Said the colonel, "My little boy, why do you want to go home?" The boy replied, "There are pretty things down there in Oklahoma." Those were the things that spoke the soul of Little.

The colonel met me here in the rear of this Hall a few weeks before the last adjournment and he said, "Hays, I have got to rest, and I want you to get me a place like you have out there on the hills where there are trees and grass and birds, for I am so tired and I must rest." But on the face of my friend at that time and on his eyelids there rested the shadow of death, and I knew that the spectral hand was beckoning him. I need not speculate to-day, do not have to convince myself that there is another world beyond this. If there ever lived a man who appreciated the faithfulness, untiring devotion, and helpfulness of a wonderful companion, it was Ed Little. I used to hear him quote from that great poem of Locke's that distinguished him more than all of his prose writings. He said that was a parallel of his own career, when Locke pictured step by step the struggles of a young

lawyer as he rose from obscurity to distinction and finally became a Member of this the greatest legislative body in the world, and LITTLE so viewed it. He quoted to me many times that last line of that poem, entitled "Hannah Jane":

When the Great One, who made us two, shall balance up again,
I'll fare the worst, for God is just, and He knows Hannah Jane.

I knew him well, and I came to love him well. He had the brusqueness of manner that was almost at times repellant to those who did not know him so well, but beneath there was as tender and loyal a heart as ever beat in human bosom; and while he did not display it prominently, he had an abiding, absolute faith in the goodness and mercy of God. He believed, as I have heard him quote from the words of the patriarch—

For now, though Thou numberest my steps, dost Thou not watch over me? Thou shalt call, and I will answer. Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thy hands.

He loved poetry; he loved literature. He had a vast fund of information. He was familiar with every class of literature. He was a great admirer of our Kansas poet, Ware, who in 50 years from now will be esteemed one of the great and illustrious writers of this period, but who is not so far removed as yet to be appreciated. It seemed one of those poems had escaped his notice, as few of them had, and I read it to him one day in the office. He said, "Hays, that is wonderful—the sweep of that language and that faith." It was a poem entitled "Violet Star," and it is said that

there is a star, the farthest of all stars from the earth, that has a violet cast. The poem tells of a sergeant in the Civil War who was wounded in battle and who was in that delirium which always succeeds the mortal wound and precedes the last long sleep of death. The sergeant imagined in his delirium that he had come from that star and was soon to return to it again.

" I have always lived and I always must,"
The sergeant said when the fever came;
From his burning brow we washed the dust,
And we held his hand, and we spoke his name.

" Millions of ages have come and gone,"
The sergeant said as we held his hand;
" They have passed like the mist of the early dawn
Since I left my home in that far-off land."

We bade him hush, but he gave no heed—
" Millions of orbits I crossed from far,
Drifted as drifts the cottonwood seed;
I came," said he, " from the Violet Star.

" Drifting in cycles from place to place—
I'm tired," said he, " and I'm going home
To the Violet Star, in the realms of space
Where I love to live, and I will not roam.

" For I've always lived, and I always must,
And the soul in roaming may roam too far;
I have reached the verge that I dare not trust,
And I'm going back to the Violet Star."

The sergeant was still, and we fanned his cheek;
There came no word from that soul so tired;
And the bugle rang from the distant peak
As the morning dawned and the pickets fired.

The sergeant was buried as soldiers are;
And we thought all day as we marchd through the dust,
" His spirit has gone to the Violet Star—
He always has lived, and he always must."

Address by Representative Ayres

Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: Over 30 years ago I became acquainted with Col. EDWARD C. LITTLE. For over a quarter of a century we were close personal friends. At times we were politically friends, while at other times we differed politically, but we never ceased to be personal friends.

I admired his ability and independence. He was independent in thought and action. He was unfaltering in his devotion to a principle. When it came to a question of what he considered was right he pursued just one course, and that was to champion that cause regardless of the consequences. Because of his supreme courage and fighting qualities he disliked to compromise. Compromise was foreign to his nature, and often he would grow impatient with those advocating such a course and would frequently leave a wrong impression because of his brusqueness in expressing that impatience.

Many times it seemed difficult for him to understand it was necessary to compromise in order to procure legislation. His thought was to stand by the guns and fight it out, even though you lost, rather than surrender a principle. While this is the brave and courageous stand to take, it has not always proved to be the successful course to pursue on questions of legislation. I do not consider it a

fault for a man to fight for a cause, even though he loses, when he may have won by making concessions.

This is solely a matter of judgment of the individual who has to make the decision. This was the idea and policy of our late colleague, Colonel LITTLE. This was manifested by him in his labors as chairman of the Committee on the Revision of the Laws. Had he been willing to surrender in a measure what he felt should not be surrendered, had he felt inclined to compromise on questions he felt could not be compromised, it would have made his burdens as chairman of that committee much lighter. However, it would have been giving up a cherished hope on his part; it would have been surrendering a principle according to his way of looking at these questions. Therefore, rather than compromise he fought it to a finish, which, without doubt, hastened his death.

With the vigor and tenacity of old he entered upon the immense undertaking of revising and codifying the law. He could not realize, nor could he be persuaded to realize, that notwithstanding his great mind was as strong as ever, he had physically grown weaker. As a close friend, more than once I urged him to let up, to seek rest from his labors and worry, to find the sunshine and pure air, but he could not be induced to think of himself or of his condition. The thought uppermost in his mind was to complete the task he had undertaken. His life had always been a busy one, and he determined it should continue to be to the last.

All through life he had been an active, useful citizen in this State, having filled many prominent positions. When a young man he was chosen as a delegate at large from the State of Kansas to the Republican National Convention. He was also appointed diplomatic agent and consul general to Egypt by President Harrison. In this position he rendered a great service to his Nation. I remember when in 1896 the political party of which I was at that time a member held its State convention in Colonel LITTLE'S home city, Abilene, Kans., I endeavored to have him nominated by that convention as a candidate for Congressman at large from the State of Kansas, but failed by a small margin. If he had received this nomination, he would have been elected, as the Hon. Jerry Botkin, who was the successful candidate, was elected.

In that campaign Colonel LITTLE and I supported the same candidate for President and also the same candidate for Governor of the State of Kansas. Our candidate for President, Hon. William J. Bryan, who was at that time a young man, was defeated. Our candidate for governor, Hon. John W. Leedy, was elected. Governor Leedy realized that it was necessary to have as his close and confidential adviser a man of clear vision, of sterling qualities, and one upon whom he could depend for support in trials incident to such an office; a man whose integrity was above reproach and in whom he must have an abiding faith and confidence. He turned to our friend and late colleague as the man who possessed all these qualities and essentials and made him his private

secretary and confidential adviser, and at no time during that service was he in the least disappointed.

While serving as private secretary to Governor Leedy this Nation declared war against Spain. Colonel LITTLE entered the service in that war as lieutenant colonel, commanding the regiment. He took the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers to San Francisco in 1898 and embarked for the Philippines in command. He took part in many engagements in that war and rendered a service for his Nation of which his friends have always been very proud.

Later I had the pleasure of again supporting Mr. LITTLE and doing all I could to secure his nomination and election to the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas, but failed by a small margin.

Having preceded him in Congress, I welcomed him to the National Capital. It was the welcome of one friend to another, for we were friends of long standing and remained friends to the day of his death. I have always been proud of that friendship, for he was a loyal and constant friend. He fought a good fight.

He has left his family the greatest heritage that man can bestow—the record of a good, clean, and wholesome life, and that of an honorable and useful citizen. Nowhere on that record can be found written the word "failure." What more could mortal man do?

Address by Representative Swing

Of California

Mr. SPEAKER: I am unwilling that this occasion should pass without adding my tribute to those that have already been spoken here in memory of the life and character of our late colleague EDWARD C. LITTLE. His was an active life, rich in unselfish devotion to this country. To whatever duty he was called he responded with the best that was in him, and in the short span of years allotted to him he won recognition for conspicuous accomplishments in half a dozen fields of human endeavor. As a diplomat, he walked with kings "without losing the common touch"; as a soldier, he was found worthy to fight beside Funston; as a jurist, he revised and codified the laws of our country; as an orator, he possessed fire, eloquence, and logic that carried conviction; as a litterateur, he created both prose and poetry that was at once forceful and entertaining; and as a statesman he was the champion of whatever cause he thought to be right and just. Many of us would rest content to wear the laurels he won and lightly tossed aside in any one of these varied walks of life.

LITTLE'S vision reached beyond the confines of his own State. He knew and loved the West. Raised in a country that was still pioneering when he was young, he grew up along the western trails while the caravans of prairie schooners were still

following the course of Westward ho! He knew and appreciated the perils, hardships, and sacrifices of the sturdy frontiersmen that won for this Nation a western empire, and during his service in Congress he was the constant friend of the western pioneers. The people of my district feel very grateful to him for his sympathetic understanding of their problems and his sincere and conscientious endeavors to aid in solving them.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Pursuant to the order heretofore adopted, the House now stands adjourned.

Accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 2, 1925, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the United States Senate

TUESDAY, *December 2, 1924.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, late a Representative from the State of Kansas, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

FRIDAY, *December 5, 1924.*

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate a resolution from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolution (H. Res. 359) was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, this House do now adojurn.

Mr. CURTIS. Mr. President, I offer the resolution which I send to the desk, and ask unanimous consent for its consideration.

The resolution (S. Res. 274) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BUTLER. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being, under the order previously made, to Monday, December 8, 1924, at 12 o'clock meridian.

WEDNESDAY, *February 4, 1925.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Farrell, its enrolling clerk, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. EDWARD C. LITTLE, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.